Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each bestride her fable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN: AN ODE.
BY THE SAME.

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to a Hela's drear abode.
Him the Dog of darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle; Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes.)
Till fall before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the masts grown pile he fate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.

Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
Thrice the thrilling verse that wakes the Dead
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fallen found.

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom thou glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom thy golden bed.

Pr. Mantling in the goblet fee
The pure beverage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Nis the drink of Balder bold.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclove;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey,
Prophecy, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

Pr. In Hoder's hand the Heroe's doom;
His brother fends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophete's, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say,
Who the Avenger of his guilt,
By whom Hoder's blood be spilt.

H. 4
P. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compact,
A wonderful Boy shall Rinda bear,
Who never shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream.

Till he on Hoder's corse shall finish:
Flaming on the funeral pile.

Now my weary lips I clothe:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophectis, awake, and say,
What Virgins there, in speechless woe,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
That they shallfloat in air.

Tell me whence their sorrow's roof,
Then I leave thee to repose.

P. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men! I know thee now,
Mighty of a mighty line.

O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophet's of good;
But mother of the giant-brood.

P. Hie thee hence, and boast at home.
That never shall Enquirer come.
THE TRiumphs OF oWEN.

A FRAGMeNT.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen Twift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gweneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

7 Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the earth, and the heavens, shall be consumed, and be no more. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755. Quarto.

North-Wales.

Wales, A. D. 1210. This battle was fought nearly forty years afterwards.